

# DAILY MAGAZINE PAGES FOR EVERYBODY

## Weegs! And Then More; All Colors

By GERTRUDE GORDON.

NEW YORK, March 5.—"Weegs, weegs" of a surety they will be worn. Red and blue and purple, and all the beautiful colors. But only in the evening—never in the day.

With this statement, Mme. Henri Joffre, sister-in-law and representative here of Paquin, said the last word today as to colored wigs. Some American women may doubt that this new freak of fashion will be adopted, but Mme. Joffre, as an authority, said she could assure them that they would soon be wearing colored wigs just as they took to slit skirts. And mentioning slits opened another question, which Mme. Joffre settled.

"Mlle. will show her leg no more," said Mme. Joffre, and then in her rich French accent she sounded the death knell of the slit skirt.

"It is gone—like a bluish-puff—it is no more. It will not come back. The skirts are flat front and back and have gathered drapery at the side under the knees. See!" and she showed her own skirt.

Just below the knees it was caught into folds which must have made the skirt at least three yards wide around the bottom. Not a suspicion of a slit or slash was there, and the front and back panels of the gown were plain.

Going in search of a reason for the passing of the slit skirt, the dance craze now prevailing was found to be responsible.

"Mme. Paquin, she is how everybody tango, everybody tango, everybody do the dance, but nobody had the right kind of dress. They cannot move without danger of falling or tripping. The dresses were so graceful. So now they are made so the tango may be danced in them, all so easily," and Mme. Joffre, illustrated with a few steps of her own.

You cannot be a Paquin and wear a bustle.

"Not for Paquin," was the pronouncement on this impending fad, "except for elderly women. Then it will be only the looped thin chiffon drapery."

But the death of the narrow slit skirt does not mean room is made for more clothes. No more. Instead, it is as inviting to pneumonia germs as ever.

"Underclothes? You must have just so little as you can," said Mme. Joffre. "They are getting thinner and narrower and lower. Wear just almost nothing at all and you will be all right."

Society crowded the ball room of the Ritz-Carlton today for the exhibition of Paquin gowns. As the models stepped upon the stage, and then walked slowly down the aisles, so that the women—and some men—might view the gowns more closely, some of the low-cut bodices drew forth gasps from the audience.

So thin was the net and chiffon over the shoulders that thin strips of beading held the skirts up for the material of which the waists were made was utterly unequal to the task.

But with all the brilliant display of gowns and the gasps of astonishment or approval as her models appeared, Mme. Joffre returned to the wig.

"Ah, they set off the dresses so well," was her parting word. "Blue and pink, oh, they are magnificent—superb."

## Straight From The Shoulder

Success Talk to Young Men.

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TURN on a faucet to the merest dribble, put a cork of soap under it where the trickle will hit it squarely in the center, and then sit back and watch.

It is a puny little stream, as streams are, but pretty soon you'll see it eating a hole into the heart of the soap—a hole that grows deeper and bigger as the minutes wear on.

Get up and turn off the faucet. The boring stops. Turn it on again. The boring continues.

This is a little lesson in the power of application.

All that stands between you and success is but soap, like the persistent little trickle of water. You keep constantly boring through it. Careless application to the job does the business. When you turn off the stream the boring stops. Keep it turned on.

Just only half applied in intermittent waves only half bores the soap. Applying yourself only half-heartedly in wavering intervals to your job only half bores your work. Success never comes down to the "half-way" point. Half application means only half success—no more.

Whether your work is copying letters or giving orders, only by applying yourself to it until there is nothing about it that you do not know that you have not mastered down to the smallest detail can you say, "I am 100 per cent efficient."

Apply yourself to your work and find out.

## CREPE BLOUSES

FOR the early spring the lingerie blouse will probably be supplanted by the crepe de chine or Georgette crepe blouse in either white or color. Some tailor-made examples of this blouse are very smart in conjunction with the tub skirt. One model, for instance, with its elongated shoulder, its long sleeves and graceful sailor collar, is suggestive of those Arcadian times when a blouse was a mere shirt waist.

## Bustles in This Age of Bustle? Certainly! But New Name

By FLORENCE E. YODER.

We are living in an age of bustle 'tis true, but the bustle of woman's world is not one of confusion. It is a nicely planned affair, and is known as bouffant. Skirts have bustles and are bouffant. The new silhouette is produced by bouffant draperies.

Naturally the fashion experts changed the name. Names nowadays must be stylish. Mag and Mame and Nell and other good old cognomens are no longer considered the thing, they have changed to Margaret, Marion and Eleanor. The bustle is only spoken of as a bustle by inexperienced dressmakers and old-fashioned persons.

"Bouffant draperies" if you please.

Dresses all have bouffant draperies. Suits simulate them.

The bustle (I am not modish, you see), the bustle calls for a coat that is very large at the bottom. Hence the new bell-shaped affairs, made of noisy tweeds.

An amusing feature of the recrudescence is that the bustle of yore was a bustle of yore, it was worn behind, but the bustle of today comes pretty near being built out in all directions, like a scaffolding. This is indeed an age of consistent extravagance!

## What Every Woman Thinks - By HELEN ROWLAND

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"O H, dear," sighed the Widow, putting down her embroidery and rising to greet the Bachelor. "Men ARE such babies! How in the world can we ever make them grow up and understand things as we do?"

"What have I been doing now?" demanded the Bachelor, anxiously. "Nothing in the world, Mr. Weatherly," laughed the Widow. "YOU have been properly trained. But there ARE other men in the world, you know, who have not had the advantage of—"

"Yes, I know," hastily interrupted the Bachelor. "But I had hoped that you had forgotten it."

"And one of them," continued the Widow, shaking her head over her embroidery, "is making a terrible fiasco of his life—all on my account."

"On YOUR account? Where is he? Show him to me!" exclaimed the Bachelor, bellicently.

"Oh, Mr. Weatherly, you are so silly!" and the Widow laughed her rippling laugh again. "Not on account of ME," she explained, carefully, "but on account of a chance remark of mine which he took seriously. You see, I'm awfully fond of making epigrams," she acknowledged, humbly.

"It's the one first," agreed the Bachelor, sadly. "In an otherwise perfect, faultless and superlative combination of virtues, loveliness and—"

"And the other day," calmly interrupted the Widow, ignoring the interpolation, "I just happened to remark that—well, that 'flirtation is the sunshine of youth, which keeps the heart tender and the emotions from becoming withered.'"

"Well, isn't it?" demanded the Bachelor. "Of course, it is!" agreed the Widow. "but the man is MARRIED, Mr. Weatherly; yet he quotes me as an authority, and declares that henceforth he shall flirt as much as he pleases and whenever he pleases—and his charming, delightful little wife blames ME!"

"Oh, well," remarked the Bachelor, soothingly. "She's have to blame SOME. BODY. A woman never thinks of blaming a man for his own sins. Besides," he added, "no doubt he will allow HER the same privilege."

"No doubt he will NOT allow her the same privilege," retorted the Widow. "and even if he did she wouldn't take it. No, my dear boy, if the devil can quote Scripture to suit his own purpose, a 'married-bachelor' can certainly twist an epigram to suit his own conscience. Of course, flirtation is a delightful and excellent thing. So is an automobile, and so are diamonds. But stealing an automobile or diamonds is no more dishonorable than stealing a flirtation. A man should realize that there is such a thing as a COULD in the love game, and 'honor among flirts.' A married man or an engaged man has no more right to flirtations than I have to Mrs. Vanderbilt's diamonds—"

and he should have no more desire for them. You wouldn't play AGAINST your partner at bridge, would you? Then why should you play against your partner in marriage? No honorable man would deceive his business partner, farther in marriage, than he would to deceive his life partner? Why is it that a man considers himself 'honorable' if he never cheats at anything except the love game, never lies to anybody except a woman, and never deceives anybody except his own wife? It's a funny kind of 'honor,' isn't it?"

"But," protested the Bachelor, grouping blindly for a rejoinder "marriage is such a gamble you know."

"Yes!" agreed the Widow waving her embroidery frame triumphantly. "And the keeping of his wedding vow is a DERT OF HONOR—when every gentleman will pay!"

"Do you mean to say," demanded the Bachelor desperately, "that on the day a man and woman marry they should take the veil and never cast a sentimental look at anybody again?"

"Never—at anybody but each other," declared the Widow firmly. "They will be kept busy enough, if they keep up the life-long flirtation with one another. I once knew a man who accidentally got into a flirtation with his own wife, after they had been married for ten years, and who declared that all those years he had been 'wasting his time' on other people. That is the trouble with most married people. They don't flirt enough with one another. To be a real success, marriage should be a continuous flirtation."

"Instead," suggested the Bachelor, chuckling softly, "of a continuous flirtation."

"But that is not the question," said the Widow. "The question is, how can I make this foolish married man who wants all the comforts of matrimony and all the privileges of bachelorhood see the error of his ways? How can I make him realize that, in risking the love of the one woman on earth he really loves for a lot of cheap flirtations, he is exchanging the Hope Diamond for a handful of cheap rhinestones? How can I make him see that, after marriage, flirtation, like charity, begins at home?"

"You might try accepting the challenge," suggested the Bachelor. "I beg your pardon?"

"You might try flirting with him, a bit," explained the Bachelor, "and then putting the 'flirting touches' on him. I can think of no better object lesson."

"He DOES need an object lesson!" agreed the Widow musingly. "And meantime," went on the Bachelor brightly, "you might introduce ME to the 'charming and delightful' wife!"

"On the whole," interrupted the Widow, puckering her brows, "I don't see why WE should lay ourselves down a human sacrifice on the altar of ANY man's vanity!"

"No," agreed the Bachelor with a grin. "When the smash-up came, we should both be crushed, like all good little newsmakers and Samaritans!"

## Hits From Sharp Wits

Two many cook books are as bad as too many cooks.

You can't tell how brave a man is by the way he talks at a telephone.

The hen is mightier than the sword, says a Memphis exchange, when eggs are a plunk for two dozen Milwaukee Sentinels.

There are heroes who never get any bronze medals. Among them count the fellow who keeps sweet in spite of his chilblains.

"What are the necessities of life?" asks the Boston Globe. The things we have acquired the habit of wanting.

The sting of the bee is pleasant when compared with the sting of the trusted.

"Don't give away all your good advice, save a little for yourself," says an exchange. Why didn't it?

## Economy Editorials

NO. 10

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## Make the Kitchen Your Drug Store

By ANDRE DUPONT.

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### Bananas for the Thin.

"A NYBODY who will take the trouble to eat the right things can be plump instead of thin," said the Commuter's Wife decisively. "I put ten pounds on my piece, who stayed with us for six weeks last year, by making her eat bananas."

"I wonder you didn't kill her," said the Club Woman. "Just a small piece of banana makes me feel as if I had an elephant sitting on my chest."

"That's because you don't know how to eat them. The banana is twenty-five times more nutritious than good white bread. Its pulp contains sugar, cellulose, nitrogenous matter, and fat with phosphoric elements. It is said that the only thing that kept Stanley alive during a severe attack of gastric fever which he suffered on one of his African explorations was a meal made from dried bananas. If we could get bananas that had ripened on the plant, so that the sun of the tropics had been given time to convert their more or less indigestible starchy substance into sugar, they would agree with most delicate stomachs. But in order to stand shipment to this country they have to be picked green and ripened artificially when they get here."

"What are you going to do about it?" scoffed the Club Woman. "You can't have a banana tree in your front yard."

"They don't grow on trees, although the plant is sometimes ten or fifteen feet high. But it dies down as soon as the fruit is matured. However, that has nothing to do with the very nutritious and fattening properties of the banana. If you think you would look and feel better with a little more flesh on your bones, eat a baked banana three times a day."

"A raw banana is almost as good for the purpose, but some people can't digest it. It is almost no trouble to bake a banana. You simply peel down a strip of the skin and squeeze a little lemon juice on the pulp, put the skin back in its place, put the whole banana on a baking dish and bake until the pulp is about the consistency of a baked custard. This takes from twenty minutes to half an hour. If you haven't a lemon handy you can use a drop or two of vinegar."



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## PIANOS

The Steinyway

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## Rings and Then Some Ringers

By ELSA CROSBY.

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YOU can't tell nowadays whether a girl is married, engaged or on the waiting list, what with the growth of the habit of wearing showy solitaires, marquises and other baubles, all the way from the pinks to the thumbs and no-ask-ips.

It is not at all uncommon to see darling daughters who have never had a fond male heart laid at their feet fully jeweled, knuckle deep.

They violate all ring rules by appearing in gold and platinum, in plain and fancy settings. They tangle with diamonds. Naturally the fellows hesitate. No man wants to make a move when the finger signals are set to indicate from three to five engagements. Men have to be cautious these days. They're afraid of ringers.

In the olden times a girl's first finger ring represented the sentimentality of a boy with red hair and a lighter shade of diffuse freckles. He either whittled the ring out of a peach-pit during school hours or shaped it out of a piece of gut-tapercha. In either case it was a labor of love. He would place it on any finger where it would fit and make her promise that, come what may, she would wear it for his sake till her dying day. She always promised. There are times in a girl's life when a peach-pit ring seems like a young Kohinoor.

About three years later on the gentlemanly and attentive clerk in the boot and shoe store would come into her young life with a new derby and two dollars' worth of plated goods supporting a real rhinestone, and the peach-pit effect would disappear.

But you can't tell nowadays. With emeralds and moonstones and weird Egyptian junk displayed in neat rows on the important finger of the left hand and samples of novelties strung on both lefts and rights wherever there's room, a girl becomes a mass of mystery.

There ought to be a hard and fast rule that the engagement finger should be left open until mother has had a confidential talk and reported that the business has been settled and the date fixed.

In picking out an engagement ring it is, of course, well to put the gold to the acid test and take a slant at the stone through a glass. The value of the ring doesn't always determine the depth of love behind it, but if it stands the regular tests you have the satisfaction of knowing how far he is willing to set himself back at the start.

It's our guess that the great comfort of spending a winter in sunny Florida comes from sending postcards to friends in the frozen North—Toledo Blade.

## OUCH! BACKACHE, RUB LAME BACK

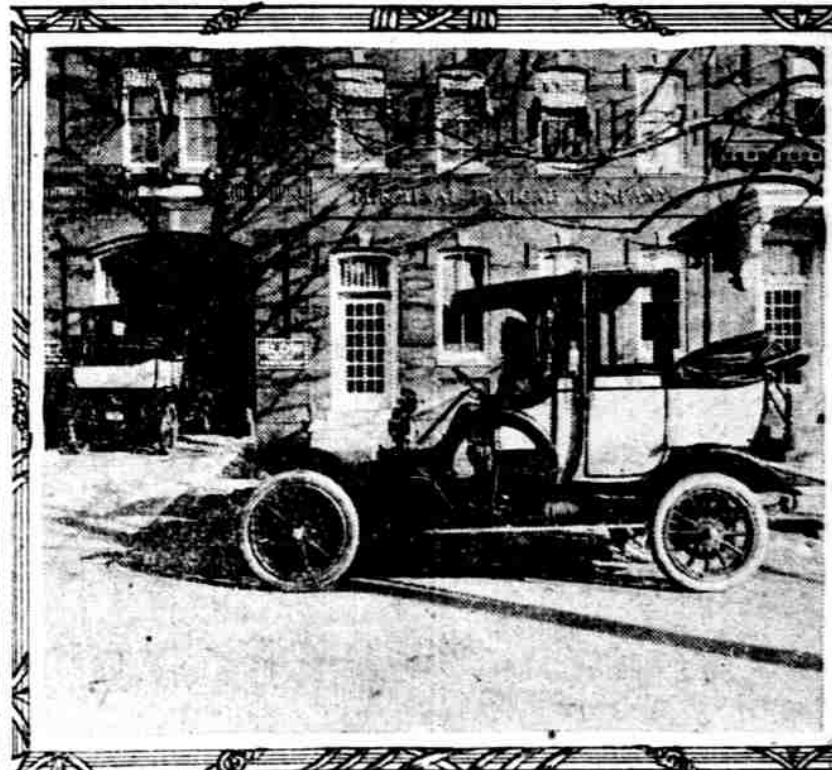
Rub pain away with a small trial bottle of old "St. Jacobs Oil."

When your back is sore and lame or lumbago, sciatica or rheumatism, has you stiffened up, don't suffer! Get a small trial bottle of old, honest "St. Jacobs Oil" at any drug store, pour a little in your hand and rub it right into your back, and by the time you count fifty, the soreness and lameness is gone.

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